THE NEW REPUBLIC

Have We Gone Soft?

Arthur M. Schlesinger *Thurston N. Davis*
Harry Golden *Reinhold Niebuhr*

The Kennedy Strategy

The Editors

Sherwood Anderson

Malcolm Cowley

Push-Button War

Louis J. Halle

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

I Am Not Disturbed

★ It is hard to convey to you the mood of the Eisenhower press conferences on the missile gap. Always the subject recurs. There is a kind of pleading attempt by reporters to get the President to show concern. Perhaps I had better just quote. On January 13 *Washington Post*-man Edward Folliard asked if "being second best in the missile field" wouldn't handicap bargaining with Khrushchev – "I am not in the slightest degree disturbed by such a possibility as you speak of," the President replied.

On January 26 William McGaffin, *Chicago Daily News*, prefaced a question on space exploration with the words, "In view of the international prestige at stake . . ." Eisenhower cut in. "Just start that again – how did you start it, how did you start that question?" McGaffin – "I said, 'In view of the international prestige at stake'." The colloquy continued –

The President: "Is it?"

McGaffin: "Well, sir, do you not feel that it is?"

The President: "Not particularly, no."

(USIA head George Allen has testified that US prestige is deeply involved.)

Now take February 3. Merriman Smith, UPI, began, "Do you feel any sense of urgency in catching up with the Russians?" Eisenhower began, "I am always a bit amazed at this business of catching up. . . ." He continued that once you have a deterrent that is "adequate" you have "enough." As always, he separated missiles and space exploration into two different watertight compartments (Moscow makes no such distinction), explaining to Robert Pierpont, CBS News, "Let us remember this one thing, the reason for going into space . . . is purely scientific."

Automatically, it seemed, he wound up with an appeal for greater confidence in "free enterprise" as the ultimate successful rival of dictatorship. Second place in the space race, he likened casually to second place in the "Olympic Games." Here is how it ended:

"Now I think our people ought to have greater faith in their own system, go ahead on their own – because let's remember, you people are the bosses of the American Government. . . . You can make the decisions. . . . All right then it's your responsibility to make sure that you are not alarmed and certainly not hysterical." (We really can't find any adequate comment.)

More for Education

★ After seven years the Democratic Senate slammed through a thumping big education bill, certain of veto if it reaches Eisenhower's desk. The week before at Chicago Nixon deplored "inadequate classrooms, underpaid teachers and flabby standards"; then he came back to the Senate to try unsuccessfully to kill this education aid bill by breaking a tie vote against it, on an amendment. Democrats were jubilant to see Nixon pinned down specifically to the conservative side which of course is where he belongs, though he is now carrying water on both shoulders.

The Lyndon Johnson policy up to now has been to take half-a-loaf from Eisenhower; Democrats had to cut back a housing bill three times, for example, before getting White House clearance. The education bill looks like a bold change in policy – a direct challenge. Democrats have nobody to blame but themselves if the former procedure blurred party differences. The question now is the House. Conservatives will water down the school bill if they can.

The school bill raises the religious issue in a new form. It would give Federal aid for teachers' salaries as well as for school construction. Public schools normally pay higher salaries than parochial schools, and the bill would tend to accentuate the difference.

It isn't widely known that the 15 Democratic freshmen Senators – the class of '65 – played an important behind-the-scenes role in getting Lyndon Johnson to modify his one-man rule. One spokesman is Muskie (Me.). Publicly Johnson has won all the tilts with Gore, Douglas and other veterans. Privately, however, the freshmen have told Johnson to give ground and hold more party caucuses. Such a caucus preceded Senate liberal victory on the education bill, and another may do so again on the interest rate issue.

A Generation of High Interest

★ Most economists think the present 4 1/4 percent legal ceiling on interest on government bonds is arbitrary and might well be lifted. The Administration demands that Congress lift it. But it isn't as simple as that. On the political side here is one place where Congress holds arbitrary veto power to match Eisenhower's. What concessions will a conservative Treasury and Reserve Board make to a liberal Congress for lifting the rate? How about closing some tax loopholes, or other reforms? So far none are offered.

Again, is this really the time to refund huge indebtedness at the highest rate of government interest in 35 years? Bonds run for 20 to 30 years. If high interest is approved now, it locks the rate into the system for a generation or two – not merely for government bonds but all bonds. This is fine for the bankers, tough on the poor man. Actually there are things the Treasury could do to bring interest rates down; unless the Administration makes concessions Democrats aren't likely to act.

Medical Monopoly

★ We always wonder when the public will wake up to the doctors' monopoly. An artificial scarcity of doctors has been created which is skyrocketing health expenses at the same time that the jealous medical trade union, the AMA, denounces government assistance as "socialized medicine." There was one doctor to 578 people in 1900; only one doctor to 935 in 1957. Obviously the government should set up more medical schools – quick. Now pending in Congress are health measures including the Forand bill to help the elderly and others by adding medical insurance to social security. A generation ago the AMA fought the National Tuberculosis Act, compulsory vaccination for smallpox, and the Social Security Act. We know who will oppose steps to better health now – the AMA.

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The Kennedy Strategy

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Cartoon:
8. The Washington Post

The massive Kennedy campaign is brilliantly conceived and executed. If, in the next seven weeks, it retains its momentum and hits no deep ruts, the bandwagon could carry the Senator all the way to his destination of nomination on an early ballot. Everything is being done – perhaps too much – to keep up the fast pace.

Jack Kennedy is both liberal and respectable; his speeches are intelligent, often eloquent, and delivered with precision and confidence. But the speeches are secondary in the strategy. The Senator's appeal at present is more to interests than to intellect.

What is the strategy? It is to present Kennedy first of all as the only Democrat who can beat Nixon. The unexpressed assumption here is that he would rally Catholic voters – especially urban voters – who in recent years have either gone over to the Republicans or have been apathetic. It assumes too Kennedy's attractiveness to women, to younger business types, to "moderates" who may want a change but not too radical a change.

Second, the Senator's numerous advocates insist that since their candidate is going to get the nomination anyway, those who want to ride with the winner better get aboard now.

Third, it is said that the Democratic Party cannot afford to delay its choice too long, that it must unite soon around the front-runner, avoiding debilitating intra-party bickering and expenditures of money and energy. Nixon, it is emphasized, has the Republican stage to himself; he will be hard to beat; the Democrats must therefore concentrate on building up one man *now*.

Fourth, and this is the most interesting part of the strategy, it is argued that the Senator from Massachusetts is the only Democratic candidate who can stop Lyndon Johnson. This claim is quietly being pressed in the larger states of the North and West, states where the Majority Leader has been making some progress but where the political roof would fall in should Johnson receive the nomination. For in that event, not only would labor rebel, but consumer and minority groups in general (and not simply the Negroes) might well become disaffected.

Now, Lyndon Johnson is *not*, at this stage at least, the only alternative Democratic candidate (Senator Humphrey, for example, is gaining strength), but if Kennedy's spokesmen can persuade enough key Democrats that that is the case, they will have helped narrow the field to Kennedy's advantage. And for this reason, as he travels about the country, Kennedy insists that the Texas Senator is his "principal ad-

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versary." How can Kennedy convince enough people that he is the man who can beat Nixon, is bound to win and can head off a Johnson nomination? Only by winning delegates in mounting numbers, by winning primary after primary and so proving himself the Jack-the-Giant-Killer. If he wins overwhelmingly in Wisconsin, he now says that California would come his way, but that is far from certain. He may have to fight for California's 81 delegate votes. And if he makes that decision, he will have to contend with Humphrey, as well as Governor Brown.

An alternative, of course, is to decide that the primary-bandwagon strategy is not going to work and turn where Kennedy backers prefer not to turn – toward an alliance with Lyndon Johnson, whose first ballot votes added to Kennedy's are expected to exceed the 761 required for nomination. But the simple arithmetic of $1 + 1 = 761$ is not so simple in reality. For who would be number one, and who would be number two? Those who know the Majority Leader have some question whether he could ever bring himself to settle for the second spot. And even if he were willing to take the Vice Presidential nomination, how would combining two well-advertised liabilities – Kennedy's youth and Catholicism and Johnson's Southern accent – advance the party's cause in the general election?

But these are matters of speculation on which the best-informed can only guess. What is certain is that for the present the full force of Kennedy's formidable organization is directed at gaining the prize entirely on his own by parlaying his hoped-for winnings from Wisconsin and Ohio (where Governor DiSalle's withdrawal leaves Kennedy a clear field and 64 votes) on the races in Indiana, Nebraska, West Virginia, Maryland and Oregon in turn.

In every state where Kennedy has competition, variations will be played on the theme that Kennedy is the underdog. It is not true, but it could have the force of truth if enough people believe it. In Wisconsin, the story is that "the rules were changed in the middle of the game" to favor Humphrey. The charge is that the primary has in effect been rigged by a new formula for dividing convention votes that the Wisconsin Democratic executive committee recently adopted. True, Humphrey supporters were in the committee majority, but their action was not improper. The committee was applying the new delegate formula contained in the 1960 Convention Call of the Democratic National Committee which gives more votes to district delegates and fewer to delegates at large. (Kennedy support is heaviest in a few populous areas.) The usually reliable *Madison Capital Times* has reported that Kennedy managers are further touching up the underdog image by juggling results of private polls taken in Wisconsin in the unusual direction of *downward*.

In Indiana (May 3) the fact that such party leaders and Truman friends as Frank McHale, the former state chairman, and Frank McKinney, former National Chairman, favor Stuart Symington will be pointed out as a starting handicap for Kennedy. In West Virginia, Kennedy can claim a gang-up of organized labor against him. John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers and Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters, both influential in the state, do not love Humphrey for his support of last year's labor bill, but they love Kennedy less. Moreover, a great many local AFL-CIO unions are lining up behind Humphrey in the belief that they need, after years of heavy unemployment in West Virginia, the scrappiest "man-of-the-people" available.

In Oregon, where Kennedy will be one among many contesting with favorite-son Sen. Wayne Morse, he will indeed be a whipping boy, for Morse has devoted the months since Senate adjournment last fall to stumping Oregon and much of the rest of the US denouncing Kennedy, Humphrey and the other "liberals" who voted for the labor bill – Kennedy loudest of all. The charge is not just, but backed by the Teamsters and the International Association of Machinists, Morse can be expected to lay the lash on Kennedy again.

In California, the slate of delegates pledged to Governor Brown will include every star in the state Democratic firmament. If Kennedy finally decides that he needs the added steam of a victory in this key state, he could stand as a "real," as opposed to "favorite son," candidate, a Lone Eagle blocked off from free access to the voters.

It is a good strategy, if it works. It worked for Estes Kefauver in 1952 and 1956, but not well enough. It may be asked why Jack Kennedy has chosen to bind himself to a type of campaign that failed then. The answer may be that he has no other practical alternative; or that he has faith in the superiority of his winning manner; or that he has faith in the one element he has added to the Kefauver formula that its originator found hard to get – money and the organization money makes possible.

Bring Back Nixon

There may be more joy in Heaven, but we're bored by the newest Nixon. He reeks of respectability; he's Dwight Eisenhower without the charm. And he's ruining the sports pages by turning up whenever more than two athletes gather. Is he running for the Presidency or the Olympic Team? You see him now in the dressing rooms of the Baltimore Colts and the New York Giants (coast-to-coast TV); then he appears at the testimonial dinner for Ted Williams and Stan Musial. He awards a trophy to Billy Cannon of Louisiana State; he awards a trophy to the winner of the American Handicap at a race track in California. He's everywhere but in the pool rooms.

On June 1, he and Pat will have been married for 20

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years. That should interest the *Ladies Home Journal*. It could publish another article: From Happy Warrior to Happy Husband. Richard even looks different. Where are the jowls? Why have the clothes become more funereal? He moves from ball games to hospital dedications. He is pictured as a man of the simplest pleasures: "Give Dick a sharp pencil and a long yellow pad and he's happy," one of his advisers informs us. Even Norman Vincent Peale never said it was that easy.

The man has risen above himself. Where once he considered Harry Truman almost a traitor, now he speaks of Harry as having been a "strong" President. Jack Kennedy? Nixon *likes* him, or so the papers say he told Kennedy Senior. He wouldn't even take sides in the Rose Bowl game (coast-to-coast TV), or rather he took both sides: "As Vice President, I am a neutral, as a Californian I am rooting for the West."

The old Nixon in the back-alley was bad enough, but this all-American Boy who wants to be the all-American Father leading an all-American Team is nauseating.

The Green Curtain

On February 15 the Senate will begin debate on civil rights. It has been so decreed by Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, candidate on a hot tin roof. And in the House, the Rules Committee is about to unshackle a civil rights bill favorably reported by Emmanuel Celler's Judiciary Committee last summer. The Rules Committee, dominated by the Southern Democrat-Republican coalition, has not seen the light; it has felt the squeeze. Or, to be more specific, Republican members felt the squeeze: Democratic liberals needed no needling and the Southerners respond to no pro-civil rights pressure. The Committee is retreating in the face of a discharge petition which attracted enough signatures from Northern liberals – mostly Democrats captained by Celler, with a corporal's guard of Republicans led by New York's John Lindsay – to force a bill out of Rules.

But the House measure is no great shakes. It would require local voting officials to preserve voting records so that the Department of Justice and the Civil Rights Commission could more easily investigate discriminatory denials of the franchise. It would also strengthen existing sanctions for interfering with federal court orders, permit federal authorities to prosecute those who bomb places of worship (if they cross state lines!), and authorize federal assistance for the education of children of servicemen stationed in areas where schools are closed in response to desegregation decrees.

If the House measure is cleared for floor debate under a broad enough rule permitting amendments, Northern liberals will seek to expand the Attorney General's presently circumscribed power to bring civil actions to restrain denials of equal protection of the laws. Under the 1957 Civil Rights Act, the Attorney General has authority to bring such actions to remedy discriminatory denials of *voting rights*, but the 1957 law did not include the hotly fought "Part III," which would have given him broader powers, transferring other forms of discrimination, such as school segregation, into the realm of public litigation which could be shouldered by the Attorney General. Attempts to revive "Part III" are likely to be made, though the South will fiercely fight federal support for the protracted legal campaigns now being waged almost alone by the under-staffed, under-financed and beleaguered NAACP.

But it is the Senate, rather than the House, which will be the first testing ground for civil rights legislation this year. And it is pretty clear that major attention will be focused on the right to vote.

The basic problem is plain enough. As the Civil Rights Commission's 1959 report bluntly discloses, the Southern Negro does not – except in a few urban areas – participate significantly in the political process. Only 25 percent of eligible Southern Negroes are registered, as against some 60 percent of their white neighbors. An effective complex of custom, private intimidation and public discrimination of an increasingly subtle nature keeps the Negro outside the green curtain of the polling booth. (Methods change for accomplishing this. For example, the poll tax no longer figures importantly among the obstacles to Negro voting, and when the Senate last week acted to abolish poll taxes and wrapped its righteousness in the grandiloquent – and from the legal point of view probably superfluous – trappings of a constitutional amendment, the vote had largely a ritual significance.)

The Civil Rights Commission accompanied its '59 report with a blueprint for corrective legislation, concurred in by Chairman Hannah, President Hesburgh of Notre Dame, former Governor Carlton of Florida, former Dean Storey of Southern Methodist Law School, and former Dean Johnson of Howard Law School. (Only former Governor Battle of Virginia dissented.) The central recommendation in the blueprint, now embodied in bills filed by Senators Javits, Morse, Hart and Humphrey, has become identified as the Voting Registrar Proposal.

Under it, those persons claiming inability to register because of race or color would file affidavits with the Civil Rights Commission. Whenever the Commission received nine affidavits from a single election district it would be obliged to investigate. If the Commission should conclude that discriminatory interference with the right to vote is taking place, it would certify its findings to the President. The President would then designate a federal official located in that area – possibly a postmaster, or perhaps the local United States Attorney – to act as a temporary Federal Registrar for the affected election district. Those persons unable to regis-

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ter under the regular state procedures would be entitled to demonstrate their eligibility to the Federal Registrar, who would certify them as qualified to vote in subsequent elections for the President, and for Senators and Representatives. Any local official obstructing a federally-certified voter in the exercise of his right to vote – and have his vote counted – for federal officials, would be guilty of a federal misdemeanor.

The Administration's initial reaction to the Voting Registrar Proposal of its own Civil Rights Commission was not enthusiastic. To be sure, the President in his State of the Union Message recommended that Congress study the Commission's "constructive" recommendations. But he followed this with a press conference observation that the Voting Registrar Proposal seemed to be of questionable constitutionality. This advisory opinion eluded most constitutional lawyers, who had regarded it as pretty clear that the Constitution authorizes Congress to take over the *federal* electoral process lock, stock and barrel – though Congress has never done so – and, indeed, via the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, to go to considerable lengths to forestall action by state voting officials which would bar participation in *state* elections on the basis of race or color. And since the Commission's Registrar Proposal was solely concerned with protecting the integrity of federal elections, the basis for the President's doubts seemed obscure.

Two weeks ago, however, the President's meaning became less obscure. Suddenly the Administration, through Attorney General Rogers, offered an alternative which contemplates *court* appointment of so-called Voting Referees. Superficially, it appears a more comprehensive plan, for it looks toward supervision of state as well as federal elections. But analysis suggests that this court-centered structure is fundamentally weaker than the executive-centered structure proposed by the Civil Rights Commission.

Under the Rogers proposal, a federal district judge would be authorized to appoint a Voting Referee after the judge had found – at the successful conclusion of a suit brought by the Attorney General under the 1957 Civil Rights Act to restrain interferences with voting – a "pattern or practice" of discrimination. The Voting Referee would inquire, in judicial fashion, into further specific allegations of denials of voting rights, and would then recommend to the judge the issuance of a supplementary decree restraining interference with the voting rights of those individuals found to have been discriminated against. The Voting Referee would then attend subsequent elections to see whether those named in the decree are permitted to vote and have their votes counted by the relevant state voting officials. Further violations of the voting rights of those named in the decree would be prosecuted as contempt of court.

Enough has been said to indicate the possibilities for protracted litigation, endlessly frustrating the whole scheme, which are built into the Attorney General's plan. The district judge's original decree, his finding of a "pattern or practice" of discrimination, his ratification of the individual adjudications of each applicant's eligibility – each of these would be subject to lengthy appellate review. The gravity of these difficulties is underscored by the fact that the 1957 Act has thus far generated only four proceedings by the Attorney General, two of which have met with initial judicial rebuff.

The Civil Rights Commission's Voting Registrar Proposal has flaws too, but they are of a kind which can be removed relatively easily by Congress. The Commission's plan envisages an administrative investigation into the merits of particular affidavits, and this investigation could engender later challenges in the courts comparable with that inevitable under the Rogers plan. This problem can be obviated by eliminating the proposed investigation and simply giving the President the power to appoint Voting Registrars whenever the information before him – presumably that furnished by the Justice Department and the Civil Rights Commission – indicates that federal supervision of the electoral process may be necessary. Such a Presidential determination would be appropriate to his executive role and would almost certainly be beyond judicial review.

Ultimately, the grave practical drawbacks inherent in the Attorney General's plan are traceable to that distaste for vigorous executive action which has characterized the present Administration throughout its tenure – and especially in the field of civil rights. An Administration whose chief has yet to express his approval of the Supreme Court's decision in the segregation cases is not likely to propose to Congress the kinds of measures which call for enterprising leadership on the part of the President or his principal department heads. The Attorney General has offered Congress a leave-it-to-George bill, "George" in this instance being the federal district judge, already overburdened with new responsibilities in the race relations field. Courts are not designed to fulfill executive duties, and no one seriously interested in registering a million or more disenfranchised Southern Negroes can suppose that court-appointed referees are adequate to the task at hand.

What might Congress do? Quite apart from the moral imperative of admitting every qualified citizen inside the green curtain, substantial political dividends may accrue, next November, to candidates who talk out for civil rights as if they meant it. The pretenders to the throne – and they include Mr. Nixon as well as some Democrats – are likely to get the word. The voting bills are now being studied by Senator Hennings' Committee on Rules and Administration. By February 15 it is to be hoped that the committee will report out a serviceable modification of the Civil Rights Commission's Voting Registrar Proposal – perhaps even one acceptable to the Attorney General.

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On the Israeli Border

Last week's shooting on the Israel-Arab border was far away in terms of geography but is in another sense on Washington's doorstep. For at the back of it is a quarrel over claims to the waters of Jordan which the US has tried to handle before and is going to have to face again. Four countries – the United Arab Republic, Lebanon and Jordan as well as Israel – claim shares of these waters, but none of the claims can be put into effect without expensive waterworks, for part of which at least the US would have to provide the cash.

The Jordan is an engineer's dream but a politician's nightmare. If there were no frontiers to consider, it could easily be made to irrigate the whole of the small deep cleft of its basin by gravity flow. But, with its tributaries, it services four states that have never been able to agree on who should get what. After some years of hard work, a special envoy of the President's (Eric Johnston) nearly got them to agree in 1955. Their experts said yes, but the Arab governments said no. A stalemate ensued, and the Suez affair diminished the chances of a compromise.

Meantime the Jordanians, working with a US grant of money, are drawing off some of the waters of the big tributary called the Yarmuk which they share principally with Syria, and are irrigating their east bank of the main river valley in a simple way that ought to have been done long ago. The Israelis, meantime, are sick with frustration because an important scheme of theirs must hang fire. What they want to do is to pipe some of the upper Jordan water right out of the river's natural basin, and carry it over the hills of Galilee into their coastal plain, and on from there to irrigate their dry south. They say they do not want to take more than Mr. Johnston allotted them in his plan, but they cannot begin work because the offtake starts in a UN-sponsored "demilitarized zone" where they were told in 1953 that they could not proceed "pending investigation." That investigation has never happened, and their water experts, lately in Washington in search of funds for the project, want to go ahead without waiting further.

Fly over the area when the snows on Mount Hermon are melting – that is, any time between now and Easter – and below lies a silver network of rivers. It is nonsense that in these thirsty lands, these should flow to waste as they do now. If the international Johnston scheme cannot be revived because of local tempers, it would be better that individual schemes should go ahead. But they must be umpired, or they will be the cause of more and worse shooting. Sooner or later, the governments or institutions that will have to finance the schemes will be forced to arrange a common financial fountainhead that will provide those who pay with an opportunity to stipulate the size of offtakes they will pay for.

But this proposition lands us back with the old snag that dogs every suggestion about the former Palestine mandate: when local contestants refuse all form of compromise, no settlement is possible unless some outside body imposes some rules and enforces them. Nothing is solved by postponing decisions "pending investigation" and then forgetting about them while all is quiet. The noise the Israelis made last week is a reminder, but of what? To them, that their patience is running out. To us, it ought to recall that in the south, between Egypt and Israel, we took the bull by the horns, and helped set up a United Nations Emergency Force to hold the ring. Why not an international try at a water board that would do something of the same sort in the Jordan area? Without it, a combination of waste of water and shooting to attract notice is bound to continue.

As Eisenhower Flies South

The President is preparing for his journey to South America. It is no pleasure trip. Last week Mikoyan was in Havana (he was in Mexico last fall); and General C. P. Cabell, deputy director of the Central Intelligence Agency, warns that Communist activity is becoming "more intense" in next-door Latin America, that 3,300 young people from that region have attended Soviet-sponsored youth festivals since 1954, that travel expenses paid by Soviet-bloc countries totaled approximately $1.4 million in 1957-58 alone, and that Soviet and Chinese radio programs in Spanish and Portuguese now run 85 hours a week. Simultaneously, as reported by A. H. Raskin of the *New York Times*, union leaders who met last week from 12 countries in the Western Hemisphere are worried over the drive of Communist forces to isolate labor in Latin America from the US.

Is it that the Russians are busy and that we are complacent, or do the reasons for concern about our position in Latin America lie deeper? Two studies published last week by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee sharply point up that the US still appears to Latin Americans as an economic exploiter, that US foreign policy seems mainly to serve private investment interests. "It is widely believed that we regard the states of the region as our economic 'colonies'," states the report of the Harvard Center for International Affairs (whose director is Robert R. Bowie, formerly director of Secretary Dulles' Policy Planning Staff), "and that a principal cause of Latin America's economic backwardness is collusion between business interests in the US on the one hand and members of the discredited oligarchy on the other. . . ."

Why this is so is spelled out by the Research Center in Economic Development and Cultural Change at the University of Chicago. In its report, for example, one reads that nearly all of US direct investment in Latin America has come from 300 large corporations. This is natural in view of the long gestation period before re-

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turns are received in an extractive enterprise, and in view of the fact, in the case of the proportionately smaller manufacturing group, that it is the large firms with substantial export markets in Latin America which have the real inducement to invest. The political consequence, however, is that not only business but the largest corporate business, becomes the visible face of the US.

In addition to suspicion on the Left, "Conservative currents which often regard the United States politically as an ally are most often based upon social groups hostile to the modernization and industrialization tendencies which US business represents, while the younger and more modern Latin American business groups, though accepting many ideas of US business, are in sharp competition with it."

Here, perhaps, is the nub of the dilemma – that substantial US private investment, whatever its political liabilities, is in economic and social terms a progressive force for "modernization" and should continue to accompany government-to-government economic assistance. But on what terms? The Chicago report suggests that the US can work with Latin American nationalists in forwarding their real interests only if our government seeks "more consistently than heretofore for points of concordance, despite the explosive rhetoric of Latin American radicalism. One simple but useful action would be to discourage US officials from restricting their social intercourse to conservative political groups, isolating themselves from frequent informal contact with radical political and intellectual leaders. . . ."

School Consolidation

The Conant Report has by now convinced many of us that the thousands of small high schools which are still sprinkled across rural America are hopelessly inefficient, and that the children who must attend such schools are doomed to lose the race for success and happiness in an increasingly urban world. The problem is not simplified by the rush to the cities, for the wide open spaces of the Midwest and Mountain states are becoming even wider and more open, leaving fewer students and taxpayers in many districts. Unless these provide helicopters to ferry children to and from school, there appear to be an irreducible minimum of about a million rural children who will attend schools which are "too small."

In 1957 a group of Colorado educators was moved to do something about these children, and got the Ford Foundation's Fund for the Advancement of Education to put up $150,000 to see what could be done to improve high schools that were doomed to remain small. If the growing demand for participation is an indication, the program has been a success, for the scheme began with five schools, now includes 18, and has others clamoring for membership.

"In times of crisis, the newspapers are first with the cry: 'Let the people know the facts!' But perhaps Fact is a deity invoked by the people only in the last emergency when the easy gods of peace have failed them."

- Dorothy L. Sayers, 1941

"To Another Year"

Advertisers, eyeing record consumer income, are boosting their first half ad budgets and the increase should push 1960 dollar volume close to the $12 billion mark. . . . "We are increasing our space budget by 50 percent – the largest expenditure we ever had," said Arthur H. Baum. (Mr. Baum is a vice president of Formfit.)

– *Chicago Sun-Times*, Feb. 1.

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The speeded-up US space program is still not moving fast enough to catch Russia, Wernher Von Braun said today. – *Washington Post*, Feb. 3.

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In Senate testimony, Gen. Thomas S. Power, chief of the Strategic Air Command, stood by his warning – in face of Administration contradiction – that 300 Russian missiles might destroy his striking force in 30 minutes, unless an air alert is ordered.

– *Washington Post*, Feb. 3.

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Our manned bomber force is a dwindling asset. Our long-range missile force is limited in size, uncertain in reliability, and immobile upon exposed bases. We have no anti-missile defense in being or in sight. – *Gen. Maxwell D. Taylor*, Feb. 4.

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MEANS & ENDS

A Dialogue on Push-Button War

by Louis J. Halle

"Listen to this," said Harry Simple, poising himself to read aloud from a book on the new military strategy: " 'If one state plans to destroy another state's population, and if it can take the other state by surprise with a thermonuclear attack, its rate of kill may approach 100 percent of the target population'. Just note that casual reference to 'the target population'. It shows how far we've come in the past century and a half. Today we take it for granted that civilian populations are legitimate military targets."

"If you know anything that can be done about it," I said, "let me in on it. Meanwhile, I propose to go on enjoying life while it lasts."

But Harry was not in his usual detached mood. He shook his head, as if trying to dislodge some thought that was stuck inside it. "Something radical might be about to happen to our thinking," he said at last. "This new power of total destruction is bound, in time, to create a new discipline. I don't mean just the obvious inhibition on starting a war. I mean a discipline that would change our traditional logic, the habitual terms of our thinking."

I put down the book I had been trying to read, seeing that one of Harry's soliloquies was coming on.

"The theory of air-power," he said, "as it was formulated by Douhet, and as we have accepted it, is that such power has to be directed with total violence against urban populations. It achieves its purpose when the survivors have been reduced to helplessness among the ashes. Douhet didn't say that this was moral in itself — but he supposed that the alternative was the destruction of one's own population by the enemy one had spared. Since self-defense is accepted as the first obligation of any democratic state, this made such a use of air-power morally justifiable." He paused.

"I think especially," he said, "of the children we bombed in the last war. There are circumstances in which we ought to put our own survival second. If the President had it in his power to slaughter the children of Russia by pushing a button that released our bombers and missiles, then I say that nothing would justify him in pushing it – not even if the alternative should be the destruction of our own country."

"The obligation of the President of the US," I reminded him, "is to American children, not to Russian."

He went on just as if I had not settled the matter. "Of course, I am imagining a situation which couldn't arise. The President could never know for sure that the price of not pushing the button would be the destruction of our own population. If enemy missiles were not already in the air, flying toward us, he could not know for sure that they would be. On the other hand, if they were already in the air, then slaughtering the enemy's population wouldn't stop them."

"It would at least avenge our dead."

This time Harry was brought up short by my remark. He took a deep breath, then went on – more slowly now. "I make a distinction," he said, "between the enemy (whoever that may be) and the enemy's population. I don't want to sound lurid, but reality itself can be lurid. I picture a little girl dying in the smoke and ruins of a Russian city that we have just finished punishing. This could be real, couldn't it? She is crying for water. Her younger brother is somewhere nearby, sobbing for his mother to come. The sister hears him and calls to him for help. He tries to go to her, but his condition is worse than he knows. He will never again be able to move. The mother, nearby, hears the appeals of her children, and all her will is projected toward them. But her body is broken and she can't even call out. . . ."

Again he paused. "Tell me," he said at last, "did this family deserve this? Is this your vengeance?"

"I didn't mean it," I said quickly, "I wasn't serious."

"But there's a point here," he said. "On what grounds is the President of the United States concerned about an American child and not about a Russian child? What is the difference between them? Citizenship? – Americanism? – Communism? – Enemy status? – Are these things as important as that? In the circumstances they don't even seem real. That's what I mean when I say that the implications of our new power to destroy each other may at last undermine the traditional categories of our thinking. They may show us what counts. Things we never questioned before may come to seem like the silly legends we believed in when we were children."

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"Is our faith, belief, ideology – whatever you want to call it – a silly legend?" I asked, glad of the chance to show myself more moral, now, than he was.

"You suppose," he replied, "that we in the West have finally arrived at God's truth, that what we have is God's own ideology – while our opponents are all children of the devil. I leave aside, here, the fact that at our best we have always been conscious of our ignorance and the imperfection of our ways. Let me simply ask you how noble our ideology would seem after it had become identified with the practice of massacring the innocent. There are some means that must not be used, however noble the end, if only because the end would be lost by using them."

I know when to keep my mouth shut, and this time I said nothing.

"The new discipline may at last force us," he continued, "to think of others beside our own people as sharing our common humanity. We may be forced to recognize the humanity of those who are not less innocent than we are simply because they happen to live in a different society. If our own population were to be destroyed, then we ought to want the Russian population to survive for the sake of keeping mankind going. If our population were about to disappear, the only proper objective of the President of the United States would be to save the Russian population. The new discipline is what may at last make such abstract categories as nationality, social class, and ideology seem less important than men, women, and children. It is what may make such categories seem less important than mankind. I don't know whether our thinking will undergo such a transformation. But you asked me if I knew anything that could be done, and the answer is I do."

"What?" I asked.

"We can acknowledge our moral error in having decided to make war on civilian populations, in having decided to make them the targets of our bombs. We can repent the slaughter of the helpless and innocent people at whom we aimed our bombs in the last war. We can repent that we used our minds over the generations leading up to this abomination in order to elaborate a philosophy by which to justify it. We can resolve that, although we have to fight other wars in the future, and should be prepared to fight them, we will prefer to lose them rather than again engage in the deliberate massacre of men, women and children behind the lines."

He fell silent.

"You know," he resumed at last, "our moralists have gone off on the wrong line altogether in attacking the new weapons – as if the evil were in them. Weapons can't be moral or immoral. What counts is what one does with them. It's wrong to slaughter other people's children, and its just as wrong to do it with stones as to do it with atomic bombs. But people have become confused because their attention has been fixed on the weapons rather than on the use made of them. By the standards of morality that have followed from this error, it may be legitimate to wipe out a civilian community with conventional bombs, but it would be immoral to save such a community by using atomic warheads in the anti-aircraft missiles by which it was defended. It may be all right to blow up women and children with dynamite, but it would be immoral to blow up a bridge with an atomic bomb. What we ought to renounce is not particular weapons but particular practices. We ought to resolve that there are certain things we will never do again – with any weapons at all.

"On a question like this, moreover, we ought to be ready to accept the consequences. The moralists are just as wrong when the argument they make is that their morality won't cost a thing – that it will, in fact, pay dividends. The pacifists, for example, may have a respectable argument where they simply say that violence is morally wrong and that therefore they will accept the consequences of not engaging in it, no matter what those consequences should prove to be. But when they say that we can refuse to defend anything we've got and still keep everything we've got, then they make a mockery of their own cause. I say we ought to abjure the making of war against civilian populations for the sake of our own honor as men who bear the burden of moral responsibility."

Harry stopped suddenly, as if surprised and even a bit embarrassed. "I guess preaching isn't my line," he said. He was right about that. I had never heard such an effusion from him before. I will say one thing though: Harry's opinions aren't always of much help in solving the world's problems, but they are always interesting.

HOBBES ON THE COLD WAR

For war, consisteth not in battle only, or the act of fighting; but in a tract of time, wherein the will to contend by battle is sufficiently known: and therefore the notion of time, *is to be considered in the nature of war; as it is in the nature of weather. For as the nature of foul weather, lieth not in a shower or two of rain; but in an inclination thereto of many days together: so the nature of war, consisteth not in actual fighting; but in the known disposition thereto, during all the time there is no assurance to the contrary. All other time is* peace.

– Thomas Hobbes
in "Leviathan: or the Matter, Form and Power of a Commonwealth Ecclesiastical and Civil." London, 1651.

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AMERICA – 1960
A SYMPOSIUM

"If I wanted to destroy a nation," John Steinbeck wrote his friend Adlai Stevenson in a letter published by the Long Island newspaper Newsday, *"I would give it too much and I would have it on its knees, miserable, greedy and sick . . ." To assess Mr. Steinbeck's judgment that "on all levels" our society is "rigged" and has been corrupted by "cynical immorality," The New Republic has invited comment by the Reverend Thurston N. Davis, editor of* America *magazine; Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr., American historian at Harvard University; Harry Golden, author of* Only in America *and* For 2c Plain; *and Reinhold Niebuhr, whose latest book is* The Structure of Nations and Empires.

Have We Gone Soft?

THURSTON N. DAVIS

Like a strong and vigorous person suddenly stricken in middle life, we appear obsessed with a fateful diagnosis which tells us we are sick and will surely die unless we somehow change the habitual pattern of our lives. And, as diseased people often do, we talk at great length about the latest chance remark dropped by the doctor. The malady is variously described. Columbia President Grayson Kirk's verdict is "spiritual flabbiness." Alan Drury, in *Advise and Consent*, writes of our time as the Age of the Shrug, and stresses the "dry rot" every perceptive American senses in the air around him. Professor Charles A. Siepmann, who heads the New York City branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, declared only the other day: "We're breeding a new type of human being – a guy with a full belly, an empty mind and a hollow heart. I see them walking about, and I don't like them one bit."

All this gives added point to John Steinbeck's letter to Governor Stevenson. To "dear Adlai," Steinbeck transmits his two first impressions of the USA of 1959-60: first, "a creeping, all-pervading nerve gas of immorality"; second, "a nervous restlessness; a hunger, a thirst, a yearning for something unknown – perhaps morality." Then, as afterthoughts, two further impressions: "the violence, cruelty and hypocrisy symptomatic of a people which has too much," and "the the surly ill temper" that afflicts "humans when they are frightened." "Mainly, Adlai, I am troubled by the cynical immorality of my country. I don't think it can survive on this basis."

Where do we go to gather evidence on our alleged decadence, immorality and materialism? We might pick up the travel supplement in our Sunday *New York Times*, and glance at the mid-winter ads for hotels and motels along the neon-bright strip of Miami Beach. Here, in one concentrated spree of vulgarity, we move from star-studded offers of *Fun, Fun, Fun, at Low, Low Rates* – with "authentic Polynesian Luaus" thrown in free at one address – all the way to siren assurances that if we reserve *Now* (at $16 daily per person) then *Paradise* (double occupancy) *Is So Near At Hand!*

This sort of thing, I suppose, is materialism, though it is somewhat too obvious to be named decadence. But it isn't merely the Miamis of the world that are issue. If Steinbeck, and all the other critics are to be credited, this moral miasma which afflicts us is well-nigh universal. It is the fly-now-pay-later urge. It's the itch for the fast buck, for the irresponsible pleasure, for the short cut to power or payola or prideful status. It's the clever dodge, the inside track, the deal, the gimmick, the angle, the guy we know who'll "fix" it. It is the "filter" mentality: have the fun, but avoid the lung cancer or the pregnancy. It is the omnipresent yen to push somebody else out of the way and become the fellow who's got everything. To quote Professor Siepmann again: "This amorality is endemic. Society is shot through with it. You'd be amazed at how many students said Charles Van Doren was right. Anything for No. 1."

How does one go about computing the moral strength or weakness of an entire society? Crime and delinquency statistics, the divorce rate, the blight of pornography, the rising rate of illegitimate births, the high incidence of broken homes, the surge of mental illness, the percentage of youth rejected by the armed services, phenomena like the current practice of cheating in college examinations – these and other data and studies give some sort of an index. What else is needed?

Eugene Kinkead, an editor of *The New Yorker*, has written a book entitled *In Every War But One* (Norton). It attempts to analyze the hundreds of cubic yards of documents that the Department of the Army assembled in its deadly serious effort to find out what went wrong with American prisoners-of-war in Korea. Kinkead reveals, amid much other data, that the 229 Turks who were captured and interned in Korea all managed to sur-

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vive their imprisonment, and not a single one became a collaborator. One-third of our boys, on the other hand, became collaborators; and 38 percent of them died. The Army found that GI's often abandoned fellow-Americans who were wounded; they cursed their officers; the strong took food from the weak; in certain cases Americans sick with dysentery were rolled out into the cold to die; and this was done, not by their Chinese captors, but by fellow GI's. Turks, however, kept a high morale, shared food and nursed their sick back to health.

Heaven knows, the image of America that is refracted through these and other available statistics is enough to shake the most complacent of us. Nevertheless, the picture is incomplete. The big, bold headlines – ah, dear, freedom of the press! – tell us about the mad bombers, arsonists, sex maniacs, kidnapers, juvenile murderers, junkies and extortionists among us. They rarely highlight the millions of hard-working and dedicated people still in the land: surgeons, nurses, nuns, civil servants, artists, social workers, public school teachers, clergymen, firemen, policemen, truck drivers, scholars – and plain, everyday, indispensable fathers and mothers of growing families.

Then, too, a certain aroma of phoniness creeps at times into these discussions, making it all the more difficult to assess our true moral stature. We could well have done without the tears and congratulatory salvos that greeted young Van Doren's public confession, which to many, by the way, was the most meretricious incident in the entire quiz-show mess. John Cogley, in the *Commonweal*, said Van Doren "did his greatest mischief and was guilty of the most shameful abuse of public confidence, not when he accepted money under false pretences, but when he made his belated confession," which, he went on, while "humble" in the approved TV and Madison Avenue manner, "reeked with pride."

And, frankly, are we doing any better at genuinely unburdening our consciences than Van Doren did? We feel clean and noble when we excoriate the materialism around us. We manage to pin the blame on some scapegoat – working wives, or the New Deal, or high taxes, or John Dewey and the teachers colleges – leaving very little responsibility at our own doorsteps. Our excoriations would be far more convincing if we were readier with tax dollars for defense and for economic aid to less materialistic peoples; if we fought harder for the Negro; if our consciences were a bit more troubled over irrationalities in our immigration laws; if we worried a little more about the lot of the Puerto Ricans in our cities; if, having done our excoriating, we were prepared to sacrifice a slice of our time or a touch of our comfort to the common good of the free world and the righting of injustices and inequities here at home.

A false note is sounded, too, by the realization that in large part our concern originates in fear that we may soon be overtaken, economically, by the purposeful Soviet Union. Can we honestly say our fear is the trepidation of God-fearing men – fear for ourselves and our souls and our fate, for the harvest of our sins and our wretched confusions? Or is it nothing but a camouflaged lust to cling on to the very possessions we protest are our undoing? There is reason to suspect that it may be the latter that what we are really worried about is that the whole kit and caboodle of our American way of life – missiles and credit cards, Cadillacs and pop-up toasters, our freedoms, fun, filters and foolishness – is about to go down the drain. If so, then we do have reason to be concerned for ourselves and our future.

Our trouble is not simply that some Americans have air conditioners in their cars, or that an increasing number of our citizens are making down-payments on cabin cruisers. Their number is and will remain limited: even in our affluent society there is still plenty of personal poverty. The obligation of transcending and mastering material possessions presses harder on the few than on the many. The crasser brand of materialism, therefore, can be discounted as a real problem for the vast majority.

There is, however, a subtler problem which does touch us all. It goes by various names and is all the following things at once: a loss of faith, an obfuscation of reason, a failure of nerve, a loss of confidence, an intellectual and moral vacuum, a failure to maintain our grip on the Big Idea about ourselves and the world we inhabit.

What is really wrong, it seems to me, has to do with our loss of this Big Idea, by which I mean our loosening grasp on the meaning and purpose of human life in relation to a real order of objective and transcendent being. Our problem is that we no longer know who or what we are. We no longer collectively see ourselves as a people bound together by common affirmations, common assumptions, common loyalties to a commonly shared universe of values. For years we have viewed this American pluralism as a product of our freedom and as a source of immense strength. Now it is slowly dawning upon us that it can become a debilitating disease. This malady, which is now epidemic, affects rich and poor, young and old. It is as though all at once we had lost our identification papers. To make matters worse, we have not only let the Big Idea slip away, but it is no longer polite or even permissible to raise any of the Big Questions men have always asked about the Big Idea.

What are these Big Questions which, in the contemporary atmosphere of our official agnosticism, may be asked and answered only behind the doors of the "home, church and synagogue"? To paraphrase a list of such questions prepared by Father John Courtney Murray, S.J., for *Religion and the State University* (University of Michigan Press, 1958): Where does man rank in the order of being, if there is an order of being? What is the nature of man? Is it of a piece with the nature of the cosmic universe? Is it to be understood in terms of the laws of the universe, whatever they may be? Or is there

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a difference between man and the rest of nature? Is the nature of man spiritual in a unique sense? What is man's destiny? Is it to be found and fulfilled beyond time in "another world"? What is the "sense" of history? Does history have some kind of finality? Or is the notion of "finality" meaningless? What can a man know? What do you mean when you say, "I know"? Are there varying degrees of knowledge and certitude? Can man's knowledge and love reach realities that are transcendent to the world of matter, space and time? Is there a God? What is God? Does God have a care for man? Has God entered the world of human history to accomplish a "redemption"? What is meant by "salvation"? What is meant by freedom, justice, order, law, authority, power, peace, virtue, sin, morality, religion?

Just now, in the United States and throughout the West, there is obviously no consensus as to how these and similar questions are to be answered. There is not even a shared language of words and concepts with which the separated components of our society might begin to be able to discuss them. Yet, as recently as 75 years ago, in the academic world as well as in the realm of public affairs, the ancient heritage of such words and concepts, products of the scholastic tradition, was still in uneasy but *de facto* possession. Today, except in some of our colleges, the lines that once bound us to that heritage have been broken.

Once the ancient words and ideas had been widely discredited, a new lexicon of discourse took their place. It was a tongue which had been coming into more and more common usage since the 18th Century, the language of Modernity – of science, experimentalism and positivism. Until almost yesterday, who would have dreamed of disputing Modernity? And yet, though it was so firmly in control just a little while back, today, in Father Murray's phrase, Modernity is "dissolving in disenchantment." The disenthronement has created a strange new situation, a sort of ideological interregnum. The seals of legitimacy, so to speak, have disappeared from its head and tongue. Though it still exercises a kind of caretaker government in our universities and elsewhere, the modern idiom of positivism is reenacting the old story of the emperor's clothes.

It is this sudden turn of events in the world of ideas, this breakdown of the flimsy consensus of Modernity, that has brought us to that condition of moral vacuum which John Steinbeck and others perceive and deplore. More or less clearly we today realize that a post-modern era has commenced and that we are entering it in a state of intellectual nakedness. The pressing need for some sort of revival of the "public philosophy" of the West has come home to us. This, it would seem, is what these gathering storms of protest and criticism are all about.

Half a dozen years ago, in his essay on *The Public Philosophy*, Walter Lippmann insisted that in our "pluralized and fragmenting society a public philosophy with common and binding principles" must somehow be salvaged and reinstated. If we fail to revive and restore the consensus we once possessed, Lippmann warned, "... then the free and democratic nations face the totalitarian challenge without a public philosophy which free men believe in and cherish, with no public faith beyond a mere official agnosticism, neutrality and indifference. There is not much doubt how the struggle is likely to end if it lies between those who, believing, care very much – and those who, lacking belief, cannot care very much."

We know from the chapter he contributed to *Walter Lippmann and His Times* (Harcourt, Brace), a volume published last year to honor Mr. Lippmann on his seventieth birthday, that Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., was more than a little scandalized by the stress the veteran columnist placed on the necessity of shoring up the "public philosophy" as a condition of the survival of our society. Mr. Lippmann had written: "I do not contend, though I hope, that the decline of Western society will be arrested if the teachers in our schools and universities come back to the great tradition of the public philosophy. But I do contend that the decline, which is already far advanced, cannot be arrested if the prevailing philosophers oppose this restoration and revival...."

However, as Schlesinger's reaction demonstrates – and he is not alone in his appraisal of Lippmann's thesis – the academic world is not as yet in the mood to accept responsibility for the difficult but still feasible task of restoring what Lippmann calls "a common conception of law and order which possesses a universal validity."

Meantime, each fresh week and month of our now lengthening post-modern experience serves to sharpen the issue and drive home its urgency. If we are really determined to fill the present void, we shall rediscover the words and begin to conceive the ideas with which to ask once again the Big Questions that every generation must answer. Thus, conceivably, if time is given us, we may even reclaim the Big Idea. If war is too important to be left to the generals, this present dilemma of our is too terrible to be entrusted to the professors.

Arthur M. Schlesinger, Sr.

John Steinbeck's apprehensions about the softness of the national character echo sentiments that have been voiced in many quarters in the last year or so. The very fact, however, that acute observers are sharply questioning current standards suggests to me that the condition is not as hopeless as they think. It suggests rather, as their example indicates, that the forces making for change are already in evidence. The recovery of traditional values after a period of letdown has been a recurrent phenomenon in American history.

One need go no farther back than the 1920's to observe this. Those years, too, were an era of lush prosperity, of corruption in government and business, of the

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cult of conformity, of negativism in the White House, of violence and the suppression of freedom of opinion. Recall the Harding scandals, the Ku Klux Klan, the plague of racketeering, the Red Scare, the anti-evolution laws, the widespread efforts to purge school history texts of alleged Anglophilism. Yet that decade, which in many respects offended more grievously than have the 1950's, was the prologue to one of the greatest epochs of reform and moral idealism in all our history.

Like it or not, every generation has seemed to find it necessary to sink to the depths before it rises to the heights. Democracy, unfortunately, permits expression of the worst as well as the best promptings of human nature. The Ku Klux Klan, for example, had its analogues in the American Protective Association of the 1890's, the original Ku Klux Klan of the 1860's and 1870's, the Know Nothing Movement of the 1850's and the Anti-Masonic crusade of the 1820's and early 1830's. By the same token, governmental graft and business piracy have had to be unseated time and again, and the creed of conformity rejected when it threatened to stifle the spirit of American creativeness.

Now once more the signs are, in my judgment, pointing to an awakening. Indeed, the critics in their alarm have rendered a disservice in not taking these indications into account. In all fairness, our people have not been wholly sodden in materialism and the pleasures of the moment. Who, for instance, 10 years ago could have foreseen the desegregation decision of the United States Supreme Court in 1954 or believed that it would be accepted, however grudgingly, by the South? The significant point about the shocking Charles Van Doren incident and the disclosures of payola has not been the malpractices of television but the tide of moral revulsion that swept over the land and is causing the national networks to mend their ways. Similarly, the revelations of misdoing in some sectors of organized labor has aroused public opinion and spurred Congress to take strong remedial measures.

Even the disease of McCarthyism ran its course in a surprisingly short time, and the country now looks back on it with shame and incredulity. Likewise, the popularity of such books as *The Organization Man* and *The Status Seekers* indicates the degree to which our people are undergoing a searching self-examination of accepted values, and the reforms under way in our educational system provide further heartening evidence of the revolt against the concept of the well-rounded individual who should be like everyone else. Indeed President Eisenhower himself in recent months has shown symptoms of wanting to be the leader of the United States instead of its benign presiding officer.

All these, of course, may be tokens of a false dawn, but if the cyclical movement of history means anything, I suggest that they signify that the era of what Steinbeck calls "cynical immorality" is already on its way out.

Harry Golden

In the letter which asked for these comments, the editor of *The New Republic* wrote apropos of the Steinbeck-Stevenson correspondence, "The idea that because America is rich it is rotten is becoming a cliché . . . Steinbeck personally is not the issue. Perhaps one could explain his anxiety as no more than the familiar dismay of the American traveler come home, or in terms of the writer of protest novels about the poor in the 1930's having become an affluent grandfather."

I disagree. I believe Steinbeck is indeed the issue. Nor do I subscribe to the notion that clichés must be avoided even at the risk of error. The same process of disclaimer is at work in the criticism of American education. People point out that "it is a cliché to say that the educational system in America is rotten." Thus silencing a great many of the critics. "Because America is rich it is rotten" may well be a cliché, but that does not necessarily mean that it is untrue.

Steinbeck *is* the issue because his anxiety *is* more than the familiar dismay of the traveler come home, more than the writer of protest novels, more than the affluent grandfather. Steinbeck writes about America, which has always distinguished him from a great many other American writers. Ernest Hemingway writes about Spain, Italy, France and Cuba, and William Faulkner describes a symbolic county in Mississippi. Jacques Barzun is writing "how to" books about thinking and housing; Lionel Trilling is apologizing to Robert Frost and together both are trying to market books with the help of Auden while Allen Ginsberg reveals ever-multiplying phases of disturbances. None of these writers – I do not mean to denigrate their considerable talents – is concerned with the problems of this enlarging social phenomenon called America.

But Steinbeck's *Bombs Away* was one of the best books about the Air Force. And *East of Eden* is one of the great semi-romantic, semi-symbolic novels about the growth of California. And *Tortilla Flat* is both a social and romantic document about the meaning of religion among the poor. But it is *The Grapes of Wrath* that establishes Steinbeck's reputation as more than a writer. He is a humanitarian, and I snap my fingers at those who say, "cliché." *The Grapes of Wrath* is the best American novel since *Huck Finn*. Like *Huck Finn*, Steinbeck's book is the story of a journey made by innocents through a mercantile, fiercely competitive, cruel society. Like *Huck Finn*, innocence is lost in *The Grapes of Wrath*. But out of lost innocence comes a social ethic. The great novels about America are always about innocence lost, and a writer's power can always be gauged by what he finds to replace this loss.

The dialogue between the politician Adlai Stevenson and the writer John Steinbeck bespeaks their real and profound concern for America in this age – the phrase

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is Sandburg's – "fat-dripping prosperity." Mr. Steinbeck's fears are valid because his whole concern as an original thinker has been with the *tomorrow*. At this point in our history we have stopped living for the tomorrow. Here Mr. Steinbeck's observation merely confirms a continuing pattern in history. And it is more than an observation: it is a warning.

The civilization that perpetuates itself is the one that lives for *tomorrow*. If we beat the game by playing for the present, it will be the first time anyone has done so. The New England farmers who moved the rocks on a wood sled, the Swedes and Germans who endured the blizzards of the Northwest, the Oakies who fed the dust bowl, and the Jews from Eastern Europe who came to the metropolitan ghettoes at the turn of this century were all segments of a society that lived for tomorrow.

My mother was not concerned with learning to speak English. Neither were hundreds of thousands of other Jewish mothers. They were content to cook and sew, left alone with their old world traditions and the mores of the European ghetto and Pale of Settlement. But you had better not impede the progress of their children. With the children, they thought only of *tomorrow*. It is this kind of society Steinbeck wants to write about and, sadly, I suspect it no longer exists for him.

Reinhold Niebuhr

I am inclined to take Steinbeck's indictment of our nation seriously, though I don't agree with the rather excessive accusation, prompted no doubt by the TV scandals, that we are "cynically immoral." I would not condone the dishonesties of the "quiz shows," but they are the fruit of special temptations provided by "free enterprise" in our mass communications, temptations that can be removed by proper legislation.

It may seem too complacent to express the conviction that these dishonesties need not necessarily prove cynical immorality on the part of our business community. We are no doubt not as honest as we pretend to be, but it would require a detailed study to establish that Americans today are more dishonest than those of past days, or more dishonest than peoples of other commercial nations. Superficially judged, I should think that the comparative freedom from scandal in the great financial transactions in two World Wars, in contrast to the scandals of the Civil War and the Spanish-American War, would prove that our standards had improved in the last century. To me, the cynical reaction of college undergraduates to the indictment of the chief beneficiary and victim of the scandals is more serious than the quiz show dishonesties themselves.

But the other concern of Steinbeck must be taken more seriously. He charges that our whole culture has become morally and spiritually complacent under the weight of our wealth. "Having too many things," he writes, "they spend their hours and money on the couch searching for a soul." The implied criticism of psychiatry is not relevant. But it is true that we are an island of domestic prosperity in a poor world and that we enjoy only a precarious peace, one which rests upon a comparative "stalemate" in a nuclear arms race.

On the purely military aspects of this precarious peace, we have revealed a frightening complacency. More interested in a balanced budget than in technical advancement, we have allowed a nation which we complacently regarded as "backward" to establish superiority over us in ballistic and missile achievements. As a result, we shall be really insecure for at least the next five years. This does not imply that the Russians will initiate a nuclear war against us; what is more likely is that they will make no real concessions at the Summit because they are comparatively stronger than we. The dangerous impasse in Germany, and therefore Europe, will therefore probably continue.

More important, our preoccupation with living standards has lowered our moral and political prestige internationally. We fondly imagine ourselves the perfect exemplars of a democratic society. But the image of us in the world is of a nation living beyond the dreams of avarice of the Asians and Africans; and a nation, incidentally, with a political and economic organization right for *us* because centuries of tortuous history have made our freedom compatible with both justice and stability. The new, in-a-hurry nations, lacking this experience, may not become Communist; but they certainly are bound to hold, in the phrase of John Scott's recent book, that "Democracy is not enough."

In short, our moral and political complacency exposes us to the dangers which all soft nations of history have encountered in contests with tougher, sometimes more "barbarous" foes.

Another aspect of our moral softness and the consequent lack of moral and political prestige in the world is the difficulty which a budget- and tax-conscious nation has in coming to terms with (and to the aid of) nations who are anxious to have their cake of freedom, but equally anxious to *eat* – to acquire the economic and technical resources to overcome the poverty of their primitive economies. Walter Lippmann has frequently called attention to the crucial contest on this issue between China and India. Our failure fully to appreciate what we must do here is only one, but the most vivid, example of the heedlessness of a partially blind nation, engaged in a fateful struggle with a great foe, whose very lack of democratic freedom gives it an initial advantage over us, at least if we make democratic freedom synonymous with self-indulgence.

Steinbeck suggests that only a catastrophe would bring us to our senses. Perhaps. The only difficulty with that is that the historically more probable catastrophe would kill rather than cure us.

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Anderson's Lost Days of Innocence

by Malcolm Cowley

Sherwood Anderson was the only story teller of his generation – he was born in 1876 – who left his mark on the style and vision of the generation that followed. Hemingway, Faulkner, Wolfe, Steinbeck, Caldwell, Saroyan, Henry Miller . . . each of these owes him an unmistakable debt, and their names might stand for dozens of others. Thus, Hemingway was regarded as his disciple in 1920, when both men were living on the Near North Side of Chicago. Faulkner says of himself that he had written very little, "poems and just amateur things," before meeting Anderson in 1925 and becoming, for a time, his inseparable companion. Looking at Anderson he thought to himself, "being a writer must be a wonderful life." He set to work on his first novel, *Soldier's Pay*, for which Anderson found a publisher after the two had ceased to be close friends.

Thomas Wolfe proclaimed in 1936 that Anderson was "the only man in America who ever taught me anything"; but they quarreled a year later, and Wolfe shouted to him at a party that Anderson had shot his bolt, that he was done as a writer. All the disciples left him sooner or later, so that his influence was chiefly on their early work, but still it was decisive. With Walt Whitman he might have said:

> I am the teacher of athletes,
> He that by me spreads a wider breast
> than my own proves the width of
> my own,
> He most honors my style who learns
> under it to destroy the teacher.

What Anderson did for younger writers was to open vistas by finding new depths or breadths of feeling in everyday American life. Again with Whitman he might have boasted that he led each of them to a knoll, from which he pointed to "landscapes of continents, and a plain public road." He gave them each a moment of vision, and then the younger writer trudged off toward his separate destiny, often without looking back. Rereading Anderson's work after many years, one is happy to find that its moments of vision are as fresh and moving as ever. They are what James Joyce called "epiphanies"; that is, they are moments at which a character, a landscape, or a personal relation stands forth in its essential nature or "whatness," with its past and future revealed as if by a flash of lightning. For Anderson each of the moments was a story in itself. The problem he almost never solved was how to link one moment with another in a pattern of causality, or how to indicate the passage of time.

In his personal life there must have been many such moments, and there was one in particular that has become an American legend. After serving as a volunteer in the Spanish-American war, after supplementing his one year in high school with a much later year at Wittenberg Academy, and after becoming a locally famous copywriter in a Chicago advertising agency, Anderson had launched into business for himself; by the age of 36 he had been for some years the chief owner and general manager of a paint factory in Elyria, Ohio. The factory had prospered for a time, chiefly because of Anderson's talent for writing persuasive circulars, and he sometimes had visions of becoming a paint baron or a duke of industry. He had other visions too, of being sentenced to serve out his life as a businessman. At the time he was already writing novels – in fact he had four of them under way – and he began to feel that his advertising circulars were insulting to the dignity of words.

"The impression got abroad – I perhaps encouraged it," Anderson says, "– that I was overworking, was on the point of a nervous breakdown." He wondered whether he mightn't take advantage of the impression. If his neighbors thought he was a little insane, perhaps they would forgive him for deserting the business in which they had invested their money. Then came the moment to which he would always return in his memoirs and in his fiction. He was dictating a letter: "The goods about which you have inquired are the best of their kind in the –" when suddenly he stopped without completing the phrase. He looked at his secretary for a long time, and she looked at him until they both grew pale. Then he said with the American laugh that covers all sorts of meanings, "I have been wading in a long river and my feet are wet." He went out of the office for the last time and started walking eastward toward Cleveland along a railroad track. "There were," he says, "five or six dollars in my pocket."

So far I have been paraphrasing Anderson's account – or two of his many accounts, for he kept changing them – of an incident that his biographers have reconstructed from other sources. Those others give a different picture of what happened at the paint factory on November 27, 1912. Anderson had been struggling under an accumulation of marital, artistic, and business worries. Instead of pretending to be a little crazy so that investors could forgive him for losing their money, he was actually – so the medical records show – on the brink of nervous collapse. Instead of making a conscious decision to abandon his wife, his three children, and his business career, he acted as if in a trance. There was truly a decision, but it was made by something deeper than his conscious will; one feels that his whole being, psyche and some together, was rejecting the life of a harried businessman. He had no plans, however, for leading a different life. After four days of aimless wandering, he was recognized in Cleveland and taken to a hospital, where he was found to be suffering from exhaustion and aphasia.

Much later, in telling the story time after time, Anderson forgot or concealed the painful details of his flight and presented it as a pattern of conduct for others to follow. What we need in

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America, he liked to say, is a new class of individuals who, "at any physical cost to themselves and others" – Anderson must have been thinking of his first wife – will "agree to quit working, to loaf, to refuse to be hurried or try to get on in the world." In the next generation there would be hundreds of young men, readers of Anderson, who rejected the dream of financial success and tried to live as artists and individuals. For them Anderson's flight from the paint factory became a heroic exploit, as memorable as the choice made by Ibsen's Nora when she walked out of her doll's house and slammed the door. For Anderson himself when writing his memoirs, it was the central moment of his career.

Yet the real effect of the moment on his personal life was less drastic or immediate than one would guess from the compulsive fashion in which he kept writing about it. His flight stopped short in Cleveland. After being released from the hospital, he went back to Elyria, wound up his business affairs, then took the train for Chicago, where he talked himself into a job with the same advertising agency that had employed him before he went into business for himself. As soon as he had the job, he sent for his wife and children. He continued to write persuasive circulars – corrupting the language, as he said – and worked on his novels and stories chiefly at night, as he had done while running a factory. It would be nearly two years before he separated from his first wife. It would be ten years before he left the advertising business to support himself entirely by writing, and then the change would result from gradual process of getting published and finding readers, instead of being the sequel to a moment of truth.

These moments at the center of Anderson's often marvelous stories were moments, in general, without a sequel; they existed separately and timelessly. That explains why none of his seven published novels was a unified work and why, with a single exception, he never even wrote a *book* in the strict sense of the word. A book should have a structure and a development, whereas for Anderson there was chiefly the flash of lightning that revealed a life without changing it.

The single exception, of course, is *Winesburg, Ohio*, and that became a true book for several reasons: because it was conceived as a whole, because Anderson had found a subject that released his buried emotions, and because most of it was written in what was almost the same burst of inspiration, so that it gathered force as it went along. It was started in the late autumn of 1915, when he was living alone in a rooming house at 735 Cass Street, on the Near North Side of Chicago, and working as always at the Critchfield Agency. Earlier that year he had read two books that set his mind to working. One was *Spoon River Anthology*, by Edgar Lee Masters, which may have suggested the notion of writing about the secret natures of people in another Midwestern town. The other was Gertrude Stein's *Three Lives*, which pointed the way toward a simpler style, closer to the rhythms of American speech than that of Anderson's first novels, *Windy McPherson's Son* and *Marching Men*.

Then came another of his incandescent moments, one that he called "the most absorbingly interesting and exciting moment in any writer's life . . . the moment when he, for the first time, knows that he is a real writer." Twenty years later he described the experience in a letter, probably changing the facts, as he had a weakness for doing, but remembering how he felt:

> ". . . I walked along a city street in the snow. I was working at work I hated. Already I had written several long novels. They were not really mine. I was ill, discouraged, broke. I was living in a cheap rooming house. I remember that I went upstairs and into the room. It was very shabby. I had no relative in the city and few enough friends. I remember how cold the room was. On that afternoon I had heard that I was to lose my job.
>
> ". . . There was some paper on a small kitchen table I had bought and brought up into the room. I turned on a light and began to write. I wrote, without looking up – I never changed a word of it afterwards – a story called 'Hands.' It was and is a very beautiful story.
>
> "I wrote the story and then got up from the table at which I had been sitting, I do not know how long, and went down into the city street, I thought that the snow had suddenly made the city very beautiful. . . . It must have been several hours before I got the courage to return to my room and read my own story.
>
> "It was all right. It was sound. It was real. I went to sit by my desk. A great many others have had such moments. I wonder what they did. For the moment I thought the world very wonderful, and I thought also that there was a great deal of wonder in me."

"Hands" is still sound and real; as Henry James said of *The Scarlet Letter*, "it has about it that charm, very hard to express, which we find in an artist's work the first time he has touched his highest mark." It was, however, the second of the Winesburg stories to be written, since the first was "The Book of the Grotesque," which serves as a general prologue. "Paper Pills" was the third, and the others followed in roughly the same order in which they appear in the published book. All the stories were written rapidly, with little need for revision, each of them being, as Anderson said, "an idea grasped whole as one would pick an apple in an orchard." He was dealing with material that was both fresh and familiar. The town of Winesburg was based on his memories of Clyde, Ohio, where he had spent most of his boyhood and where his mother had died at the same age as the hero's mother. The hero, George Willard, was the author in his late adolescence, and the other characters were either remembered from Clyde or else, in many cases, suggested by faces glimpsed in the Chicago streets. Each face revealed a moment, a mood, or a secret that lay deep in Anderson's life and for which he was finding the right words at last.

As the book went forward, more and more of the faces – as well as more streets, buildings, trades, and landscapes – were carried from one story to another, with the result that Winesburg itself acquired a physical and corporate life. Counting the four parts of "Godliness," each complete in itself, there would be 25 stories or chapters in all. None of them taken separately – not even "Hands" or "The Untold Lie" – is as effective as the best of Anderson's later work, but each of them contributes to all the others, as the stories in later volumes are not expected to do. There

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was a delay of some months before the last three chapters – "Death," "Sophistication," and "Departure" – were written with the obvious intention of rounding out the book. In the first of these George Willard is released from Winesburg by the death of his mother; then, in "Sophistication," he learns how it feels to be a grown man; then finally he leaves for the city on the early-morning train, and everything recedes as into a framed picture. "When he aroused himself and looked out of the car window," Anderson says, "the town of Winesburg had disappeared and his life there had become but a background on which to paint the dreams of his manhood."

In structure the book lies midway between the novel proper and the mere collection of stories. Like several famous books by more recent authors, all early readers of Anderson – like Faulkner's *The Unvanquished* and *Go Down, Moses,* like Steinbeck's *Tortilla Flat* and *The Pastures of Heaven,* like Caldwell's *Georgia Boy* – it is a cycle of stories with several unifying elements, including a single background, a prevailing tone, and a central character. In *Winesburg* the underlying plot or fable, though hard to recognize, is unmistakably present, and I think it might be summarized as follows:

George Willard is growing up in a friendly town full of solitary persons; the author calls them "grotesques." Their lives have been distorted not, as Anderson tells us in his prologue, by their each having seized upon a single truth, but rather by their inability to express themselves. Since they cannot truly communicate with others, they have all become emotional cripples. Most of the grotesques are attracted one by one to George Willard; they feel that he might be able to help them. They try to explain themselves to George, believing that he alone in Winesburg has an instinct for finding the right words and using them honestly. They urge him to preserve and develop his gift. "You must not become a mere peddler of words," Kate Swift the teacher insists, taking hold of his shoulders. "The thing to learn is to know what people are thinking about, not what they say." Dr. Percival tells him, "If something happens perhaps you will be able to write the book I may never get written." All the grotesques hope that George Willard will some day speak what is in their hearts and thus reestablish their connection with mankind. George is too young to understand them at the time, but the book ends with what seems to be the promise that, after leaving Winesburg, he will become the voice of inarticulate men and women in all the forgotten towns.

If the promise is truly implied, and if Anderson felt that he was keeping it when writing "Hands" and the stories that followed, then *Winesburg, Ohio* is far from the pessimistic or destructive or morbidly sexual work it was once attacked for being. Instead it is a work of love, an attempt to break down the walls that divide one person from another. It is also, in its own fashion, a celebration of small-town life in the lost days of good will and innocence.

College Gentlemen or Scholars?

by Christopher Jencks

"The purpose of education is to make not scholars, but men."

– Montaigne

There is a myth, very popular in American colleges, that the production of civilized alumni and the production of professional scholars are accomplished by exactly the same kind of education. Thus in most colleges, while scholars constitute less than one percent of the alumni, the curriculum is geared to the academic demands of the graduate schools. A second myth is that the best preparation for college teaching is offered by the graduate schools. Thus in most liberal arts colleges, while the faculty is given no money for research, every teacher must have research training and a PhD.

The Graduate School and the Decline of Liberal Education
by Earl J. McGrath
(Columbia Teachers College; $1.50)

It is perhaps unfortunate that the former United States Commissioner of Education, Earl J. McGrath, should have chosen Teachers College, Columbia, as the platform from which to attack these two educational fantasies. Teachers College, like other schools of education, does not have a very wide audience in the academic world. Yet what Mr. McGrath has to say should be inscribed in neon over every college gate, though it is not the last word on the subject.

His major thesis is that the curriculum in most colleges has been atomized and sterilized by the inability to distinguish between general and professional education. Broadly conceived, the function of a liberal arts college should be to turn the unruly adolescent freshman into a responsible and cultured alumnus. It's job is to civilize the barbarians, and to initiate them into that great society of thinking men which traces its ancestry to the Greeks. To do this, the college must emphasize general education. Yet the curriculum is given over to the training of potential scholars in various academic specialties. Many college teachers, especially in the sciences, have little interest in the younger generation, or in the intellectual dilemmas which concern the better students. What the student is likely to learn from these scholars is to substitute reading and research for thinking. Or else he may decide that scholarship has nothing to do with the important dilemmas of contemporary life, and that these must be probed outside the curriculum. He thus joins the academically fed-up, on either the bohemian or the fraternity fringe.

McGrath argues that the graduate schools have turned the curriculum into a departmentalized Mandarin exercise, in which high school students learn history so that they can study it in college, college students learn it to study it in graduate school, and graduate students learn it so they can teach it in college to teachers who will then go out to teach it in high school. The postwar general education movement has largely petered out into departmental survey courses, and colleges devoted to education for non-specialists are becoming harder and harder to find.

The root of the trouble, according to McGrath, is that the graduate program is now designed solely to equip its students for academic research in chosen specialties. This would be defensible if all PhD's became scholars, but surveys show that only about one in four or five

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actually does. The rest become teachers and must learn this trade by experience. The graduate schools nevertheless argue that they cannot teach people to teach, that they are not schools of education, and that a professor can learn about pedagogy on the job after he gets his PhD. The results are what you might expect if medical students were allowed to start treating patients at the end of their second year of study without the experience of seeing experts do the job, or of having them criticize blunders. Most college instruction reflects their lack of clinical training both in their inability to communicate with late adolescents, in their insensitivity to the indifference with which even to intellectual students greet most scholarly research.

Yet if the graduate schools turned out good researchers fit for employment in the great universities, McGrath would have little reason to criticize them. He would have only to devise separate institutions for training college teachers, relieving the crowding in graduate schools, and the shortage of college teachers. He might, for example, propose in-service training, as teaching assistants to the better professors in liberal arts colleges. Supplemented by seminars which considered the intellectual and pedagogical problems raised by undergraduate courses, and by formal study to close the gaps revealed in such seminars, an apprenticeship program might prove effective. Such a scheme would not only avoid wasting the future teacher's time in learning the sub-methodologies of research specialties, but might also pump some life into the often routine process of teaching the young. If a professor had to justify and analyze his ideas and his method of presentation with a new group of apprentices every year, he would be encouraged to face up to his failures.

But McGrath's indictment of the graduate schools suggests that they are not even likely to turn out distinguished scholars. If the graduate schools are narrowly specialized, and if they do not prepare professors to wrestle with the younger generation, is there much chance that their graduates will be trained for the kind of panoramic scholarship which we today need most? If graduate schools were encouraging in their students the imagination and perspective which are the primary require-

INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION

David Dubinsky, *President*

MEMO TO:
Gilbert A. Harrison, Editor
The New Republic

FROM:
Gus Tyler, Director,
ILGWU Training Institute

Subject:
A CAREER WITH A CHALLENGE

Your readers, especially those under the age of 35, have been a source of talent, inspiration and raw material for us during the last few years. Each year, we have heard from your readers in response to our appeal for dedicated young men and women to work in the labor movement.

We are convinced that in every generation there is a segment of young people who would like to play a courageous and active role in changing the shape of things, and we are therefore renewing our invitation to a career that others – in this decade – have found a rewarding way of life.

The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union conducts its own "West Point," to prepare young men and women for careers in labor leadership. The one-year course combines classroom and field work. Those who complete the course are assigned to a full-time job with the union.

With the job comes the challenge – to provide the kind of dedicated and ethical leadership that will make the American labor movement the creative social force it seeks to be.

The Training Institute is now in its tenth year. 140 of its graduates now hold union office in the ILGWU. Virtually all started as organizers – to learn the labor movement at the grass roots. While some continue at this mission as their first and enduring love, others branch out to take on responsibilities as business agents, local union managers, educational and political directors, area supervisors, time study experts, etc.

There is nothing soft or cushy about any of these jobs. But then we are not looking for young people who want the easy plush life. We want those who will enjoy the sting of challenge.

To these, we open the doors of the Institute. Write before April 15: ILGWU Training Institute, 1710 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

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ment of great scholarship, they would also be doing much to help them become teachers. Instead the graduate schools are turning out intellectual technicians – physicists and economists and philosophers whose understanding of each other's work, and of the human condition, is no greater than that acquired in a school of medicine or law.

But if the graduate schools are training people to become academic specialists rather than humane scholars there is no justification for their present form, and no reason to suppose that if they were reformed they could not be made suitable for training college teachers. This is perhaps fortunate, for the prestige of the graduate schools is so great that their control of college curricula and faculty training is no more likely to be broken than is the control of the colleges over the high schools. The task is not to separate scholarship and teaching, but to redirect them both to the fundamental questions of the day, questions of interest to any intellectual, young or old, scholar or non-scholar.

THEATER

The Toad in the Ointment

Paris

Under the Olympian but watchful eye of the Culture Minister, André Malraux, preceded by the headlined behind-the-scenes conflicts and controversies which give to all Parisian artistic life such an air of chaotic and irrepressible vitality, presented finally to the public with the pomp and circumstance of a series of state appearances by Charles de Gaulle himself, the new national theater of the Fifth Republic has labored mightily and has produced, not a mouse, but a monstrous buffalo-toad, *Le Crapaud-Buffle* by a young journalist of Italian extraction, Armand Gatti.

Le Crapaud-Buffle was originally subtitled "A History of France for Adults" but the sub-title was dropped during rehearsals when word reached the company that the play was about to be banned. This may have been only a rumor engendered by pre-opening nerves, but the fact is that for France today, *Le Crapaud-Buffle* is extraordinarily daring. Its setting and action have nothing specifically to do with France. On the contrary, Gatti has pointed out that he has made free use of factual material picked up during extensive travels in Central America. The principal character is the dictator of a fictitious country whose words and acts are in part borrowed from Trujillo, Armas of Guatemala, Martinez of San Salvador and Somoza of Nicaragua. In addition, he makes "a gift of his person" to the state, using the words employed by Pétain at the time of the armistice with Germany.

Gatti's Don Tiburcio, however, carries out his offer literally, depriving himself first of one leg, then of the other, than of his arms.

As the evening progresses, these members are strung up like banners around the stage, a grotesque commentary on the essential insanity of personal rule, while the actor playing the part is artfully reduced to a basket case. Don Tiburcio is also in close touch with the great figures of his country's past and can at will become possessed of the spirit of any defunct hero who might serve his political purposes. Since Charles de Gaulle has made no bones about his sense of being mystically illumined by his country's past glory, it is not surprising that Gatti failed to endear himself to friends of the regime.

Despite these parallels with current actuality, it should be immediately pointed out that Gatti is no polemicist, but a poet who has passed beyond the most advanced guard of the "new" theater, where character is subordinate to an intensely personal search for identity and human reality, and where a conventional concept of time and place has no meaning at all. The father of this school is, of course, Pirandello, whose plays are constantly done here.

For an unproduced playwright, Gatti has an astonishing command of theatrical shorthand. He has made of the mechanics of moving actors around the stage and establishing a setting an extra dramatic dimension, an active value rather than a deadening pause. He owes an acknowledged debt to the Chinese theater. In his *Le Poisson Noir* which won the Prix Fénéon last year in published form, he uses an ingenious play of screens to develop a story on two levels of reality. In a play which he considers the culmination of his experiments so far, *L'Enfant-Rat*, blown-up photographs play an important part in illustrating the multiple facets of personality. Gatti has swept out of his theater everything that stands in the way of swift and immediate dramatic communication and is not bound even by the physical limitations of his actors. In the supremely macabre climax of *Le Crapaud-Buffle* he has the severed head of Don Tiburcio hopping about the stage in pursuit of his successor.

A resumé of the plot of *Le Crapaud-Buffle* would do an injustice to its rich inventiveness. We see Don Tiburcio at work and at play, having a troublesome table arrested (Somoza is said to have imprisoned a Renault truck), condemning an associate to death after explaining to him persuasively and at length that it is for his own good, issuing edicts which begin "Don Tiburcio and God demand. . . ." All this is written in a tone of savage farce which becomes chilling as we see reflected in Don Tiburcio's madness the world in which we live. Gatti's vision goes beyond himself, beyond despair, which distinguishes him from his *avant-garde* elders and contemporaries, and he writes in a style that is both colloquial and poetically evocative. There is every reason to hope that as more of his plays are presented to the public he will restore universal human values to a theater that has become increasingly self-absorbed and hermetic.

GORDON MERRICK

"COME THE IDES *of next July and the newly independent nation Somalia, an Ethiopian thumb along the Indian Ocean (1,255,000 strong), will augment the moral authority of the United Nations as another member of the Afro-Asian block for world morality. Thus will the Somalis—with a vote exactly equal to ours—register their reflections on atomic energy, world disarmament, Korea, international justice, integrated schools and bipartisan marriages. Welcome aboard.*"

From the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW. Write to Dept. N-3, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N.Y., for free copy.

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RECORDS

From the Virtuoso Repertory

The Budapest Quartet, which in a couple of performances I heard recently exhibited a new and regrettable tendency to bear down rather heavily on Mozart, does the same thing in its newly recorded performance of Beethoven's Quartets Op. 18 on Columbia M3L-262 (mono) and M3S-606 (stereo): some of the tempos are a little more deliberate, the inflection is italicized; and I prefer the more fluent and lighter-footed earlier performances on Columbia SL-172. The new performances are reproduced with more brightness and liveness; but Roisman's violin tone comes off the monophonic record cold and sharp-edged. The stereophonic record, however, produces not only fuller and warmer over-all sound but agreeable tone from Roisman.

The early Schubert pieces for violin and piano that are played beautifully on Epic LC-3609 by Grumiaux and Castagnone include the lovely Sonata or Duo Op. 162 and the Sonatinas Op. 137, of which No. 2 – and especially the extraordinary first movement – is more original and consequential than the more frequently heard Nos. 1 and 3.

The young pianist John Browning, on Capitol P-8490, offers sensitive and beautiful-sounding treatment of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, his Prelude and Fugue in A minor for organ transcribed for piano by Liszt, and Beethoven's Sonata Op. 57 (*Appassionata*) – the last being a work that calls for an expressive and structural power which Browning doesn't give it.

In eleven of the 12 Etudes d'Exécution Transcendantale of Liszt – worthless music to my ears – Gyorgy Cziffra, on Angel 3591, operates with dazzling mastery of their difficulties; and in No. 3, *Paysage*, he achieves an exactly executed continuity of tone, tension and shape in the quietly sustained progression of this unusual and lovely piece. On Angel 35611 Cziffra puts aside Liszt for a number of small pieces by Lully, Couperin, Scarlatti, C. P. E. Bach, Hummel and Beethoven, but plays them engagingly in the style of mid-19th-Century pieces. With these he plays the first movement of Mozart's Sonata K.310 drily, and slows down the Andante to an Adagio.

Of the orchestral repertory Beethoven's Seventh – on Victor LD-2348 (mono) and LDS-2348 – is performed well by Von Karajan and the Vienna Philharmonic except for the Allegretto second movement, in which the alternating sections in major, and therefore the rhythm in the basses that should continue unchanged, are slowed down. But the performances of Haydn's Symphony No. 104 and Mozart's G-minor (K.550) on LD- and LDS-2347 are excellent. The recorded sound that lacks luster in the monophonic versions is more luminous in the stereophonic.

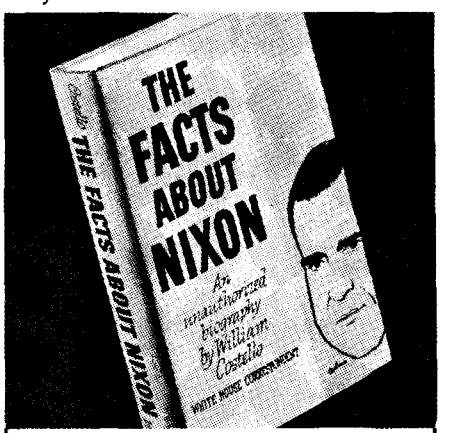
Columbia ML-5379 (mono) and MS-6062 (stereo) have the Mendelssohn and Tchaikovsky Violin Concertos, played well by Isaac Stern and with almost unbelievably sensitive execution and ravishing tone by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy.

Kapp KXL-5007 (mono) and KX-5007-S (stereo) have Tchaikovsky's beautiful score for *The Nutcracker* played by the New York City Ballet Orchestra under Robert Irving. The performance doesn't offer the playing of a great orchestra, but is effective, and this even with the occasional tempo that rushes the music – *e.g.* the Waltz of the Snowflakes, and the introduction to the second act.

The resources of voice and art that Fischer-Dieskau, on Angel 35656, lavishes on several unfamiliar Schubert songs – *Die Goetter Griechenlands*, *Sehnsucht*, and the early and long *Die Erwartung* and *Der Taucher* – are impressive in themselves but do not make the songs interesting.

On the other hand Angel 35592 (mono) and S-35592 (stereo) offer not only superb singing by the mezzo-soprano Christa Ludwig, with Gerald Moore at the piano, but songs which include several fine ones; Schubert's *Fischerweise*, Brahm's *Sapphische Ode*, Wolf's *Gesang Weylas* and *Auf einer Wanderung*, Strauss' *Die Nacht*, and Mahler's *Ich bin der Welt abhanden* and *Des Antonius von Padua Fischpredigkt*. The monophonic record reproduces the voice without the glow it has on the stereophonic. Impressive too are Ludwig's performances of Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* with the London Philharmonia under Vandernoot and his *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen* with the same orchestra under Boult; but even better, I think, are the performances of the first work by Ferrier and the Vienna Philharmonic under Walter on Columbia ML-4980, and the second by Fischer-Dieskau and the London Philharmonia under Furtwaengler on Angel 35522.

Ludwig sings with Schwarzkopf, Gedda and Zaccaria in the performance of Beethoven's Missa Solemnis on Angel 3595, in which Von Karajan conducts also the chorus of the Vienna Society of Friends of Music and the Lon-



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The Viking Press has just published William Costello's *The Facts About Nixon*, expanded from his articles which appeared in *The New Republic*. The 306-page book sells at retail for $3.95. However, it is available to *New Republic* readers at a 25 percent discount, or $2.95. You may place your order now. Simply send your name and address, with payment, to:

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don Philharmonia. It is a good performance, but comes off the records with its contrapuntal texture unclear; and this is only one of the reasons why Toscanini's performance on Victor LM-6013 remains the one to acquire of this great work.

Bach's St. Matthew Passion is paced well by Woeldike on Vanguard BG-594/7 (mono) and BGS-5022/5 (stereo), and has good singing by the Vienna Chamber Choirs and the Boys' Choir of Schotten Chapter and good playing by members of the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Most of the soloists – the alto Hilde Rossl-Maidan, the tenor Waldemar Kmentt, the bass Walter Berry, and the bass Hans Braun, who sings Jesus – are good; but the loveliness is gone from Teresa Stich-Randall's soprano voice, and the tenor of Uno Ebrelius, the Evangelist, is more agreeable to the ear in the stereophonic version in which it is far away than in the monophonic in which it is close. The stereophonic version also gives us the choruses singing antiphonally, as the monophonic does not; but on the other hand Stich-Randall, in her first aria, is heard more clearly and strongly against the orchestra in the monophonic. Kmentt's voice is distorted at the end of side 2 in both versions.

Two fine releases of earlier vocal polyphony are Baroque 9002, on which the teen-agers of the Renaissance Chorus under Harold Brown sing Josquin des Prés' *Missa Una Musque de Buscaya* with their extraordinary purity and transparency of tone (surfaces are not quiet); and Epic LC-3614 (mono) and BC-1041 (stereo), on which pieces about the birth of Christ by Victoria, Palestrina, Lassus, Sweelinck and others are sung beautifully by the Netherlands Chamber Choir under De Nobel.

And the performance of Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* on Epic LC-3540 is reproduced with even finer sound by BC-1042 (stereo; reduce treble and bass).

B. H. Haggin

Notes on Contributors

Malcolm Cowley's *essay on Sherwood Anderson will appear, extended, in a new edition of* Winesburg, Ohio, *which will be published later this season by Viking.* Gordon Merrick *is a young American novelist who lives in Paris.*

With Graham Greene in Havana

Graham Greene is the only novelist of importance who has by choice spent a considerable portion of his career in writing films. In recent years these films have been adaptations of his own works, and two of the best of these, *The* nounced that Reed and Greene were done with Carol Reed. When it was announced that Reed and Greene were to make a film of Greene's *Our Man in Havana* and that Alec Guinness, Noel Coward, and Ralph Richardson would

Our Man in Havana
(Columbia)

be in it, we were encouraged to expect a 21-jewel, well-lubricated infernal machine. Why, in spite of the fact that the film is obviously the work of accomplished craftsmen, is the result a disappointment?

First, the matter of tone. The picture opens with an air of spoof that leads us to believe this may be another *Beat the Devil:* Noel Coward, in faultless City black with furled umbrella, walks down a teeming, shirt-tailed Havana street on a secret government mission. This tone recurs frequently throughout the picture; yet that is the trouble – it recurs but is not constant. Whenever the director and writer feel that the picture is getting loose or stagnant, they attempt to make it dramatic instead of funnier. The two tones clash. The deaths (of which there are at least three in the film) are never really fatal. Once you have spoofed, you have taken the mortality out of death, as in *Arsenic and Old Lace.* You cannot tell us one moment that the characters, cities, governments are all to be laughed at and the next moment that we must tremble with the hero's trembling. The best we can do is raise a shivery laugh at it.

Related to this is the matter of purpose. What is the film really about? Here again Greene tries to have it two ways. The hero, Wormold (a name surely a bit heavily Dickensian), is an English vacuum-cleaner representative who has a daughter in her teens whom he adores. He accepts service as a secret agent so as to provide money for her education, and when he cannot find relevant information to send his chief, he invents it in order to insure continued payment for his daughter's sake.

Now this is either a funny or a deeply pathetic situation, but not both. The former is a farce in which Wormold's love for his daughter is simply the initial motive for a series of increasingly complicated fabrications – stickier and stickier fly-paper. In the pathetic approach, his love for his daughter is central – the cross on which his honor, respectability, and patriotism are crucified. This is more recognizably the Greene view – the little hot pool of agony in the faintly mildewed *bourgeois* (as Scobie in *The Heart of the Matter* gives his soul – by suicide – to damnation for the sake of his beloved). But Greene never clearly chooses his field in this film; so the farce is tenuous and Wormold's torment unmoving.

So Guinness is saddeled with a long part but no character and cannot solely be blamed for his generally vacuous performance.

He is not helped by the cast around him which, in three roles, is a disgrace to Carol Reed. The daughter is played by a just barely articulate, semi-animated mannequin named Jo Morrow. A cruel Cuban captain of police is played by the comedian Ernie Kovacs – another lamentable example of the "clever" use of non-actors which is a current vogue. Burl Ives appears as a German doctor, more ludicrous than usual because a) he remembers his accent only occasionally; b) he is called on to evoke our sympathy – a task utterly beyond his temperament, let alone his talent.

Coward and Ralph Richardson, as caricatures of British officials of differing rank, turn their performances neatly. As Wormold's secretary and romantic interest, Maureen O'Hara is unobjectionable in a part that seems to have floated in from a number of past films on its way to future ones.

Reed's direction in many ways demonstrates his best qualities. It is sensuously evocative of its locale: you can feel and

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smell the ambling, open, sunny life of Havana. He makes the world around his characters. For example, a couple live in the apartment across from Wormold's, coming frequently out on their terrace, to gaze, talk, stretch. We never really see them because they are never in focus, but like the thousands we never really look at every day, we would miss them if they didn't appear. Reed has, too, a fine sense of aspect and editing; he knows the best point from which to view a scene and when to end it – often letting the sound of the next scene (a siren, a motor) filter under the ending of the preceding one. But, although he handles the comic materials with fair competence, you can almost hear him sighing happily when he comes to a true Reed scene like the luncheon at which Wormold thinks he will be poisoned.

Line by line, Greene's dialogue is, of course, pointed, taut, nicely implicative. If the over-all design had been clearer, this film might have been much more than a succession of better or worse scenes which never quite take us up and which, finally, merely stop.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Correspondence

The New Republic *welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.*

Man of the World

Sirs:

I want to enter a mild protest about the slams your lady reviewer (Susan M. Black, January 18) has given to Neil Vanderbilt's *Man of the World.*

Woman, the man was there! You talk about "name-dropping" – but what names, and the places and the dates, and what they said and what they wore! I wasn't bored a minute – and this though I'd heard 90 percent of it before. Never will my wife or I forget the day Neil showed up at our house and told stories from 3 p.m. until 11 – and not stopping even while I took him out for dinner. The five ladies he had married, and what they did when they had got his money, or when they didn't! One of them took possession of the great Fifth Avenue mansion, dragged a trunk of his family papers downstairs, dumped them out on the drawingroom floor (marble) and burned them.

Also, tell your lady she doesn't hurt him so much when she calls him "Lanny Budd." Those clever books are all over the world – I could list more than that many languages, and the readers like Lanny as much as I like Neil.

Upton Sinclair
Monrovia, California

What Does the TV Audience Want?

Sirs:

I noted with interest your article (January 4) mentioning the debate between Senator Goldwater and Representative Udall. . . . The debate was arranged by our news director, Chris Cole, and we were given complete go-ahead by the management because of the vital interest of this subject.

We cleared one hour of Class A time (8:00-9:00 pm) and offered our pickup to the other three television channels in Tucson, the four television channels in Phoenix, and the more than thirty radio stations within the state of Arizona. The amount of money spent in this production would make any editor shudder.

Now here is the kicker, three television stations carrying the debate barely captured one half of the television audience in Tucson, the other half watched who-done-it shows. Now tell me what the television audience wants, issues of vital importance to the community or lousy "shoot-em-up" shows.

Budd Wiener
KOLD Radio-Television
Program Director
Tucson, Arizona

No Terror in Poland

Sirs:

I would like to call your attention to what appears to be a typographical mistake in my report from Moscow and Warsaw which ran in the February 1 issue under the title: The Mood of Two Cities. The sentence reads: "Police terror is still *achieved.*" Should it not be *"eschewed"*? As printed, the sentence sounds as though police terror in Poland still exists or is returning, which is not true.

George Sherman
London

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